

Liz. Poetry vol 26



THE
PARSON
AND HIS
MAID,
A
TALE.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE

PAVILION

AND

MAD

THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

3^d

THE
PARSON

AND HIS

MAID,

A

T A L E.



Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire. Ab Antiq.

L O N D O N:

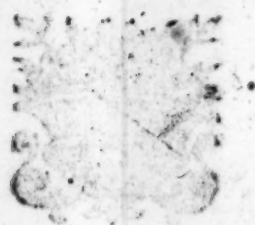
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PARSON

AND HIS

MALD

TAL E



Out of the Printing Office of the University of Oxford.



LONDON

Printed for J. P. ...
Price ...



For he lov'd Quier more, and Interest less,
 With th' System of the Church, he did agree,
 And e'en the Fables were more Willing than
T A L E, &c.

Not would he preach up Schism for a Place.

SOME score of Miles from Town, as
 Stories Tell,

Sr. *HUGH*, a private Parish-Priest, did dwell,

In humble Pars'nage, with a Quick-set Fence,

He liv'd, on income small at small Expence,

In Parish of three Miles Circumference.

He fear'd no higher, nor he fear'd no Fall,
 But wisely, as he earn'd, enjoy'd it all.
 Nor *Whig* nor *Tory* did his Mind possess,
 For he lov'd Quiet more, and Interest less.
 With th' System of the Church, he did agree,
 And own'd the Fathers were more Wise than he.
 He lik'd not Bold ~~Sabbath~~^{Sabbath}'s *Jehu* Pace,
 Nor would he preach up Schism for a Place.
 To Court, the Lawn, nor Purple, could him bring,
 The Wealthiest Farmer was to him the King.

TO Joyful Silence, weekly did he preach,
 No Latin, Logick, Politicks did teach,
 But Doctrines urg'd, within the Rustick Reach.

They

THEY lov'd their Parson, HE, to please again,
 Obsery'd their Wants, and pray'd for Sun or Rain;
 His Interest with the People's did agree;
 (O Blessed Type of happy Monarchy.)

THUS in Religion, —but he oft would be
 A merry Member of Society;
 And Gown aside, no Fear of spying Proctor,
 Call'd *Tom* or *Hal*, and he was *Master Doctor*;
 Would quaff from Leathern Jacks, brave Nut-
 brown-Ale, }
 And whiff a Pipe, or tell a merry Tale.

NO *Revolution* Scruples craz'd his Mind,
 His Schemes were to the *Cribbage-board* con-
 fin'd;

At *Whisk*, his Rival was not to be found,
And at *All-fours*, he beat the Parish round:

AND when the Course of the revolving Year,
The Jubilee of Harvest home drew near,
Gladly *Sr. Hugh* his Fiddle could advance,
And charm his Rusticks to a merry Dance;
Would form the Couples with obliging Skill,
And Bucksome *Nancy* join with am'rous *Will*:
He knew that *Dick* long courted simpering *Kate*,
So order'd, they should ne'er be seperate:
Thus, studious in their Jollitry, to please,
Humour'd their Loves, Love strengthen'd by de-
grees,
Till *Dick* was Bridegroom, *Kate* was Mrs. Bride,
And then, Things prosper'd on the *Doctor's* side.
So

So have I seen, with most delusive Skill,
 Some Artful *Galen* form a nauseous Pill,
 For the poor Wretch, whom rampant *Itch* had
 led,

To th' sportive Mischiefs of some *Helen's* Bed.
 In golden Wardrobe's then arrays it bright,
 To cheat the Stomach, while it lures the Sight.

JUSTLY, the Wives too, paid him Deference,
 He tickled for their *due Benevolence*.

Which tickling Doctrine got him many a Fee,
 Good Dinners often, and for certainty,
 Still at their Christ'nings, next the Midwife He,
 There, wou'd he Mirth and laughing Joy provoke,
 And match *Dame Midnight* with a smutty Joke.

In

In short, he was a Man so brisk, so gay,
The Life of Winter Nights and Summer's Day.

HIS House too, plenteous living did afford,
With *Fare* his Rack, with *Ale* his Cellar stor'd,
Brown Bread from Tythe of Corn, prepar'd at
Home,

In half-Peck Loaves, took up no little Room;
Butter, Like Cream for sweetness, might be had;
And Luscious Cheese would make a *Welch-man*
mad:

On hanging Shelf, brave red-streak Gammon
fwung,

And many a well-dry'd Fitch, ith' Chimney
hung.

Tithe

Tithe Geese, and Chickens, his Tithe Barley,
 shar'd,

And young Tithe Pigs ran squeaking in his
 Yard.

ONE MAID he had, th' Overseer of all,
Susan her Name, but he plain *Sue* did call;
 His Favourite she justly was, for she,
 Kept Care without, within Oeconomy;
 Her Diligence perform'd his each Command,
 She comb'd his Head, ty'd on his Shoes and
 Band;

She fill'd his Pipe, nay, often light it too,
 And, mighty Trust! she kept his *Bottle-Screw*, }
 In short, did more than many Maids would do.

Mistake me not —, I mean in honest way,

For he was past it, or he lov'd not Play.

This made her oft take wanton Liberty,

To shew herself as merry a Grig as he.

Unhappy Case ! when Servants know their Use,

And turn small Liberty to much Abuse :

But not so here, *Susan* had leave, for *he*

Lov'd nothing more than Puns and Repartee.

IT was his Custom, thence confirm'd it stood,

What was in Season, was his only Food ;

No Change, nor bold Intrusion would permit,

From the Pot's Pride, or Victims of the Spit ;

Conu

Conubial Meals, for better and for worse,
 Like *Æsop's Feast*, still Tongues through every
 Course.

Thus *Pease*, the stated Diet of each Day,
 Fed them, till even, the *Pease* themselves were
 gray ;

Then *mealy Beans* adorn'd our Doctor's Table,
 'Till Beans were rather fitting for the Stable :

Lamb next was eat, nor Intermission knew,
 'Till tender *Lamb* to tougher *Mutton* grew.

Veal the next Season crown'd, nor found Relief,
 'Till grisly *Veal* improv'd to raw-Bone Beef.

Next, by Successive order, *Pork* appear'd,
 And *this* the Season was which *Susan* fear'd,
 Each Day, in different Forms, prepar'd it came,
 But roasted, boil'd or bak'd, 'twas still the same,
 Sous'd, pickl'd, salted, met with equal scorn,
 Nor milder Fate, when chang'd *cornuted Brawn*
 Most strange! Rejected lay the Princely *Chine*,
 Crackling despis'd, and loath'd, the very *Loin*;
 'T must be some horrid Megrim of the Mind,
 When those dear Parts are loath'd by Women-
 kind:

What e'er the Cause, her Hatred was so true,
 But, as a Maid, she differ'd from a Jew.

HAIL

HAIL! prudent Race, whose Wisdom thinks it

Shame,

Sixteen should hold the useless Virgins Name!

O! could your Zeal o'er Britain's Isle prevail,

No more would Stupid Legacies avail.

Old Maids, that Poison of Society,

No more would practice dull Impiety,

But, at Fifteen, know more than Fifty three.

REPEATED Use, Opinion argues still,

Commands (like natural Effects) the Will;

But here the grand Hypothesis has fail'd,

To shew, Mistake's on Human Wit intail'd;

For

For Custom, fore displeas'd Vicegerent Maid,
 But still Supremacy must be obey'd;
 When she against Tautology objected,
 He taught invaded Rights should be protected:
 So Passive Duty to all Power Supream,
 And *Non Resistance* were his usual Theme.
 Quoted each bold Assertor of the Cause,
 From Modern *Trap*, to *Hayward* of the Laws:
 When *Susan* found, Solemnity was vain,
 She chose t' attack him in a merry Vein.

ONE Day this Hum'rous Plot she did prepare,
 When *Pork* was the diurnal settled Fare;
 Scar'd and amaz'd, she to the Doctor run,
 Wringing her Hands, cry'd, *Master, I'm undone!*

Forbid

Forbid it, Heaven! good Wench, the Doctor cries,

Inform me quickly, where your Ailment lies.

O Master, Master! here's amazing Work!

See, see, the sad Effects of eating Pork!

Lab'ring with Pig, I'm quite asham'd to tell ye,

But, Faith, here's one just coming out my Belly

As sure as Horses piss, when Carter whistles,

If you should doubt me, you may feel the Bristles.

The Doctor smelt the Joke, then laughing loud,

Swore, by his Fiddle, the Design was good,

*But looking stern, subjoyn'd —, *fie* Susan *fie*,*

If there's a Pig, e'en keep him in his Sty,

He shall eat Pork as well as you and I.

Forbid it, Heaven! good Heaven, the Doctor cries,

Inform me quickly, where your Alimony lies.

O Master, Master! here's a marvellous Work!

See, see, the Effects of eating Pork!

Laughing with Pig, I'm quite assur'd to tell ye,

But, Faith, hard's one, I'm coming out my Br-

As sure as Hog's piss, when Carter whistles,

If you should doubt me, you may feel the Bristles.

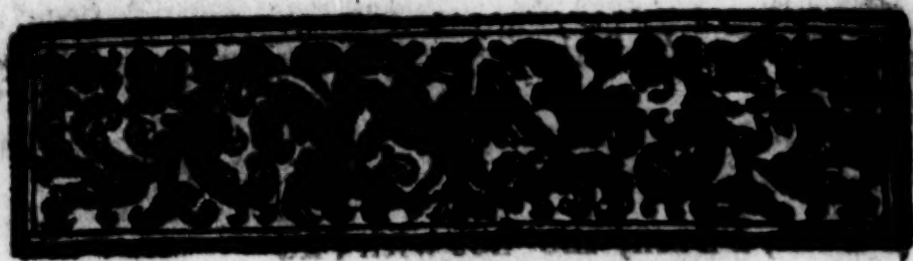
The Doctor smil'd the Joke, then laughing loud,

Swore, by his Fiddle, the Doctor was good,

But looking stern, subjoin'd — No Susan he

If there's a Pig, I'll keep him in his sty,

He shall eat Pork as well as you and I.



V E N U S Enrag'd.

*Humbly Inscrib'd to the Honourable
Miss V——y.*

I.

THU S, *Venus* once bespoke her Son,
Come hither *Cupid*, bring thy Quiver,
Thy keenest Darts, —— We're all undone;
Give bless me *Mammy*, how you shiver.

Is

Is it an Ague Fit, or what,

Quoth *Cupid*, shakes you? tho' you look so hot.

II.

I Burn, I Burn, tho' not with Fire

Of thy creating, yet with Rage,

Be quick to satiate my Desire ;

Ah! wicked, base, degenerate Age!

Send deep thy Leaden-pointed Dart,

Into the proud supplanting *Celia's* Heart.

III.

In Vain I'm stil'd the Queen of Love,

Since Cyprus only wears my Chains,

In Vain am I rever'd above,

Whilst *Celia* o'er my *Britain* Reigns,

Now

Now, now, dear Child, see she appears,
Shoot, Shoot, compleat my Hopes, and end
my Fears.

IV.

Hide not *dear Mam*, the God reply'd,
If your Desires I can't pursue,
Well may weak Men be lead aside,
When once, alas! I thought 'twas you,
For meeting *Celia* in my Way,
Oh sad Mistake! I cry'd, *Dear Mammy stay.*

F I N I S.



How now, dear child, for the answer

Shout, shout, shout, shout, shout, shout

My love

IV

Shout not for him, the God who

If your Dearest I can't part

Will my wife Men be laid

When once, alas! I thought

For meeting with in my way

Oh how I wish I cry'd, Dear Mary

W I S

